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CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

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VOLUME V PITTSBURGH, PA., OCTOBER 1931 NUMBER 5



SUICIDE IN COSTUME

BY FRANKLIN C. WATKINS (American)

Awarded First Prize of \$1,500 and the Albert C. Lehman Prize of \$2,000,
and purchased by Mr. Lehman, in the Thirtieth Carnegie
International Exhibition of Paintings

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME V NUMBER 5
OCTOBER, 1931

A clear green sunset and a pale moon showing,
A sense of dawning ends, like the light in the sky.
Autumn is a hound that shrills, my heart is for her
gnawing,

The quarry goes to Autumn, let Spring die.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH, "The Hound"



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Sunday from 1 to 6 P.M.

FREE ORGAN RECITALS

From October to July. Every Saturday evening
at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at
4:00 o'clock.

—CHARLES HEINROTH, Organist



The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, MONSIEUR LAVAL!

M. Laval's visit to America, and his great object of reaching an understanding with President Hoover on economic questions, shows the solidarity of the interests of the people of the whole world. No longer can we say that any nation lives unto itself. No longer can we say that our nation is "self-contained." The world is owned and possessed by all its inhabitants, and if we do not now cooperate with the great minds of other lands in a common policy of constructive effort, we are going to suffer from progressive distress and universal misery. So we give M. Laval a welcome, and stand eagerly for the expression of his wisdom in this anxious moment. And then we want to say Bon Jour! to M. Laval's charming daughter. She has wanted to see the New World, and the New World wants to see her. Papa's frown could not keep her away, and here she will see only smiles and a happy friendship.

FOUNDER'S DAY REPORT

The celebration of Founder's Day on October 15 was pleasing and satisfactory in every way. There was good music, a platform resplendent with flags and flowers, a great audience, and Governor Ritchie of Maryland to deliver an address which went to the bottom of current problems. A full reprint of Governor Ritchie's speech will be carried in the November number.

A DEFENDER OF LINCOLN

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I have just read your review of the life of Abraham Lincoln by Edgar Lee Masters, and I hasten to express my appreciation of your just point of view, so clearly expressed.

At the time of Lincoln's assassination I was a very young child, but I have a very distinct recollection of the great grief shown by my father and his friends.

Men wept when they met, they wore Lincoln's picture (surrounded with a black border) pinned on their coats. Every house had mourning streamers on doors and windows. It was a great puzzle to me for I had never heard of death, or mourning.

It would not have been safe at that time for anyone to have spoken a word of criticism of Abraham Lincoln. Let me heartily indorse every word of the last paragraph of your article.

—AMY H. (MRS. HERBERT) DUPUY

The final paragraph read thus: "Lincoln, in our judgment, was an efficient, painstaking, sympathetic man, guiding with a master spirit the destinies of the nation through the strife and anguish of the Civil War. Opportunity makes men, and the great events which kindled America in flames produced Abraham Lincoln as the savior of the Union. In the light of that stupendous achievement there is not, in all the annals of time, a more justly renowned name."

AN APPROACH TO THE INTERNATIONAL

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute

THE present International—the thirtieth in the history of the Carnegie Institute—is the culmination of a movement begun ten years ago to revitalize and contemporize the Exhibition. During the past decade we have aimed to make the International a forum in which are assembled paintings representing the last five years' work of many varied artists selected in proportion to the achieved recognition given to them by their groups and nations. We have desired to set forth without editorial comment the latest news from each country in some such proportion as that news filters in through trustworthy channels.

The merits or demerits of this International are really only to be measured by its relation to what it aims to accomplish. These aims within recent times have greatly changed.

In the first International Exhibition of Paintings thirty-five years ago, three outstanding painters were Winslow Homer, with his native New England strength and sincerity; Burne-Jones, who represented the sentimental smugness and technical proficiency of Great Britain in the Victorian era, when easel painters had things more their own way than any age before or since; and Puvis de Chavannes, who in his time stood as the emblem of the height of French serenity, emo-

tional beauty, and intellectual pose.

Twenty years ago, three outstanding names were Inness, who expressed the best of American tonal refinement; La Touche, who juggled with the upholstered fripperies of Paris in the mauve decade; and Zorn, who gave you the strength and love of flesh and character so admired in his time.

Ten years ago, three outstanding men were Robert Henri, developed in the Munich school and applying its lessons to our own contemporary American life; Augustus John, whose emotional sweep made all England believe he was a gypsy, whether or no it was really true; and Mancini, that brilliant old adventurer of Italy, master of light and facile technique.

As representative of the present Exhibition, may I point to Walter Sickert, who is idolized in his land from the "London Group" to the Royal Academy; Dunoyer de Ségonzac, who delighting in himself and everybody else keeps the new idea of Paris speculative and eager; and Munch, whom all Scandinavia and northern Europe regard as their great abstract decorator.

Ten years ago the International with, say, Liljefors, was still the typical, almost retrospective exhibition, clinging to what it conceived to be a tradition but what really consisted of its own likings.



HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS
AFTER A DRAWING BY BARRY FAULKNER

Today, however, we no longer ask the world to cleave to a sole standard of art furnished by any one group or artist. The old attitude was a happy attitude to take, but now such an attempt could be no more successful than Esperanto is as a universal language.

We do, however, desire to glean the best standards of the many groups and nations of the world today, and we do insist on the need of every painting on our walls, whether by Vasquez Diaz, of Spain, or Kremlicka, of Czechoslovakia, justifying its existence according to one of these standards.

We do not present a collection of masterpieces in the International. Masterpieces are not painted in one season, and they have not been so



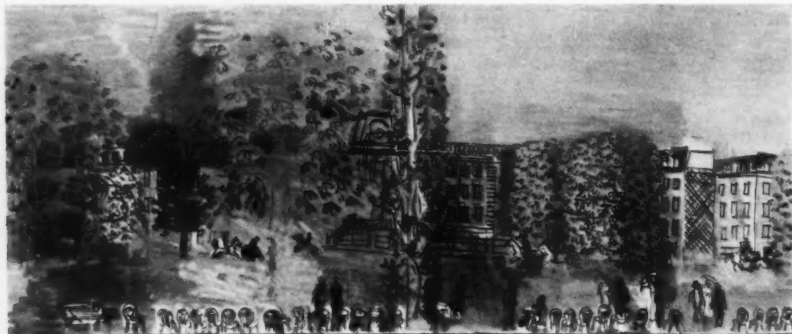
FISHERMEN

By MARIO SIRONI (Italian)

Awarded Second Prize of \$1,000

painted in the past. For if you go into our permanent collection, or if you review in your minds the thirty-five years' progress of this International, you must recognize the fact that the world according to its light in art as in everything else accomplishes much that is good from year to year, but little that is great.

The importance, then, of contemporary painting, like contemporary writing, is only of contemporary value. But that does not mean that it has an insignificant place in contemporary life. Quite the contrary. All life is contemporary, and the record of today is most interesting to those who are listening to the heartbeat of the life of today, especially since from it we may seek to satisfy our



THE AVENUE OF THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE By RAOUL DUFY (French)

Awarded Third Prize of \$500



A DESERTED MILL
 By JUDSON SMITH (American)
 Awarded First Honorable Mention of \$300



STILL LIFE
 By YASUO KUNIYOSHI (American)
 Awarded Honorable Mention

curiosity concerning tomorrow, when the life of today has become history.

The International is an exhibition of art as it is, not of art as we might wish it. Like our social structure which it reflects, it presents a high average rarely broken by outstanding peaks or unexpected weaknesses.

Recently, just before I left him in New York, I asked our fine, thoughtful French juryman, Henri Le Sidaner, what he considered to be the state of painting these days.

After ruminating a moment or two, he said: "To me it is a period of reflection, which means a period of standing still, a period of general excellence without high or low extremes. It is the natural result of any period of extrava-



BOUQUET

By ANDREW DASBURG (American)
Awarded Allegheny County Garden
Club Prize of \$300

gant development. "Naturally after we have been on an emotional rampage we pause to think it over. The good things of that rampage we retain, the poor elements slough off and disappear. We do not know the way we are headed. We need a little sleep.

"Consequently, this exhibition gives food for thought, than which there is nothing better for us these days.

"When we wake in the morning, we will probably decide that the path we are next to follow is not the one we took yesterday. We none of us know what may happen next. I doubt if it is the continuance of the movements that have caused such an uproar in art. More than that, I question if the new



ELIZABETH

By COLIN GILL (English)



PORTRAIT OF MAX LIEBERMAN

By MAX SLEVOGT (German)



THE CHINESE JUGGLER
By ROMAN KRAMSTYK (Polish)

turn will appear during the next two or three seasons. It takes a little time to find our reckoning. But once we really know where we may be, then we can continue fortunately on our voyage."

We are then in an era of new needs, new ideas, strange mechanical, social, and emotional adjustments. These needs and adjustments have formed through the ages the sources of art. They continue to form the substance of art today. But as yet art is fumbling in its eagerness to cope with these unaccustomed actions, just as we fumble in all other phases of modern life.

When we began to reconstruct the International we found that some relatively



INTERIOR AT NIEUPORT
By AUGUSTE OLEFFE (Belgian)

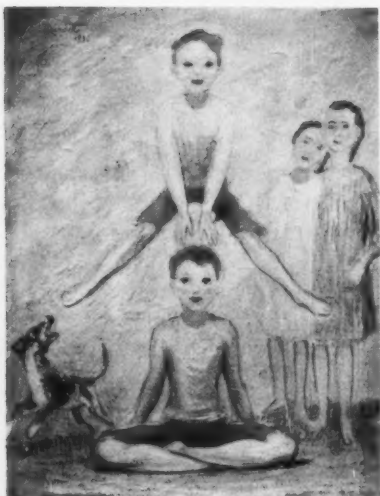
unimportant but locally popular European artists were always in the show and others, well known in their own lands but not in accord with the established tradition, never. We noticed also that many artists of unquestioned reputation who came back year in and

year out gave little notice of the important innovations which had entered into the world of art, and into society.

It seemed an especially complicated condition at the outset; though now we realize that the situation was essentially simple. To put it in a nutshell, every soul who was interested in the art of his time those days was seeking a scrap, but could find no adequate place in which to wage the battle.



VIRGIN OF THE SEA
By FRANCISCO DE A. GALI FABRA (Spanish)



LEAPFROG

By NILS DE DARDELS (Swedish)

So, but vaguely conscious of what we were up to, we ventured, all too timidly at first, to say to the Right and the Center and the Old and the New:

"Come on, the best of you, each according to your kind, and fight it out."

What we were looking for then, all unbeknownst, was emotional and intellectual excitement. We found it.

As a result our exhibition began to take on weight. The familiar appeared on our walls together with the unfamiliar, giving the public the chance to form a more comprehensive opinion of the conception of things which govern painters of today. Men whose names inevitably start a discussion in the world of art came on our Jury: Augustus John, for example. Such insurgents as Roberts and Kirschner appeared on our walls. The prizes set fire to an uproar of conversation. Derain and Picasso created comment not only locally and nationally, but internationally.

The present Exhibition sets forth these changes more than any previously organized. Today in the galleries are



HOLIDAY

By IZÁK PERLMUTTER (Hungarian)

canvases by eighty-six artists whom we have never before shown you in an International.

The public, naturally, asks itself what it may glean from this section of Vanity Fair which we have spread before it; why a painting, for instance, by Bonnard today is so vastly different from painting as it was when our doors were first opened thirty-five years ago, and Sargent held his prime.

I do believe we can place the responsibility for many of these changes on the coming of the photograph, which proved the entering wedge which split off the art of painting from the need of representing an object which could be more accurately set forth by mechanical means. This was natural enough since, after all, the best art has never been the actual representation of something, but a selection of the essential and important elements in an object.

We notice this latter quality more in a play than in a painting. A good scene in a theater is not life. If we stop to analyze it we realize that life never moves as fast and as dramatically as it does on the stage.

One other art, music, appeals to our emotions without any connection with reality or with what things sound like, but because of its artificial arrangements of rhythm and tone.

Now, therefore, modern painters, like Bauch, of Czechoslovakia, see no reason why a painting should be forced to hang itself upon the hook of actuality any more than an overture; why the virtue of picture-making should hinge on what things look like. Such artists claim that they can obtain their most refined emotions by completely divorcing pure combinations of color and form from the restrictions of the realities of nature, as set forth in visible objects.

The difficulty is that for us to judge such artists as Beckmann, of Germany, who are trying to paint us color and form unrelated to actual facts, as we judge musicians who play us a symphony unrelated to actual noise, we must have first an instinctive, inherited emotional affinity for the artists' scale in line and pigment, even as we have

obtained an emotional affinity for the octave division of sound in western European music. For our music is based on a highly conventionalized, complicated division and order of sounds, which only because we have heard them from childhood do we consider normal. One minute in company with the Chinese musical scale teaches us that lesson.

The public could meet these painting requirements, if they wished to, were it not for the fact that these abstract painters, each in his search for expression, are all trying to set up different scales, none of which are related to any of the others, and none of which are subconsciously familiar to the public at large.

However, there is an element of thought in the whole situation which bears consideration from those men and women who feel that entertainment is something more precious than that to be derived from the corner moving-picture house or the Saturday Evening Post.



THE JURY OF AWARD

Standing, left to right: Randall Davey, Homer Saint-Gaudens, and Jonas Lie
Seated: Cipriano Efisio Oppo, Henri Eugène Le Sidaner, Eugene Speicher, and Paul Nash

George Bellows, one of our masters of American painting, only six years dead, once wrote:

"It is not an original observation that all great creative genius has dealt with its own life, its own ideas, in its own time. If, as I have flatly stated, there are such phenomena among us, then I suppose we will be hearing in a century or so about the Great American School, although I, being nearsighted, can see no more here than the great common principle that dominates art for the ages, no more intimacy than an occasional interesting conversation, argument, or fight."

For a moment it is interesting to speculate on why Bellows could see no more than this. Certainly today we forget what has gone by us, and turn away from it when we think of the past as anything more than a general inspiration. The arts are giving greater contention than ever before to the reality of the present and the prospects of the future.

Unquestionably we have many clever painter-workmen in this land and across the seas. They can, like Ernest Procter, turn out a decorative and well-designed job of color, or a landscape, or like Van Dongen, an adroitly constructed essay on the foibles of portraiture. Yet, when all is said and done, there is little represented here but the mundane exterior of society, painted balls thrown in the air and juggled for the pleasure of a wealthy and dilettante class.

There seems to be no fundamental idea about. Perhaps the reason for that is that in these days there is no great spirit in the world at large, such as was expressed in the big French cathedrals of the Middle Ages, or produced such French masters as Manet or, in our land, Whistler.

But such an idea will return, if only we continue to have confidence that the old civilization of Europe or the young civilization of the United States is not headed for destruction.

In the interim then, while we wait, it is well that in the galleries of the

Carnegie Institute we have the means to fill our lives with something that causes us to breathe a little more fully in our emotional lungs.

MILLIE RUTH TURNER'S NATURE POEMS

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE is very glad to announce the publication of a book of verses for children, "Four and Forty Nature Verses," (The Ziegler Printing Company) by Millie Ruth Turner. Miss Turner is a member of the educational staff of the Carnegie Institute and it is in part her pleasing task to take hundreds of happy and expectant groups of children from the schools of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County through its wonder halls every day. The verses are for the most part jingling rhymes which will run through the lips of young children like the songs of a new Mother Goose; but now and then they carry a depth of feeling and of mood which can easily chain the attention of an older reader. The book is full of delightful pictures of children, fairies, trees, and flowers by Jeannette C. Shirk, whose work in illustrating the Garden of Gold is so much admired. We give here two selections:

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

If, when walking in the woodland,
You see a preacher tall
Preaching to the flowers,
Don't trouble him at all.

I know a little secret:
I'll whisper it. My child,
If you should take their preacher
Those flowers would be wild.

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

In the long ago
When Anne was queen,
Did she wear a dress,
Of feathery green?
Did she trim it about
With medallion lace?
By amethyst pins
Was it held in place?
Did she dance by the wayside
On every green
An airy, fairy, beautiful queen?

THE PULITZER ANGOLA EXPEDITION

BY RUDYERD BOULTON

Assistant Curator of Ornithology of the Carnegie Museum

ANGOLA, with its numerous life-zones and highly varied types of country, is for a naturalist one of the most fascinating sections of Africa. In the summer of 1930, when Ralph Pulitzer, of New York City, announced his intention of organizing an expedition to this Portuguese colony on the West Coast, the Carnegie Museum was exceedingly fortunate in being invited to participate. Mr. Pulitzer was particularly desirous of securing specimens of the very rare Giant Sable Antelope, found only in a 200-square-mile area in Angola. This animal, which was discovered as recently as the year 1913, is the most highly prized big-game trophy of Africa, and as a consequence is rapidly becoming scarce. The Sable has an unusual scientific significance. Its extremely restricted range, its constant differences from the East African Sable, its great length of horns, and its isolation are anomalies which have not yet been adequately explained. The major objective of the expedition was successfully accomplished and the habitat group is in course of preparation in the Museum's laboratories. In addition to studying this coveted antelope and collecting specimens and accessories, the expedition was organized to make general and extensive biological collections in this region. Except for the Vernay Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, Angola

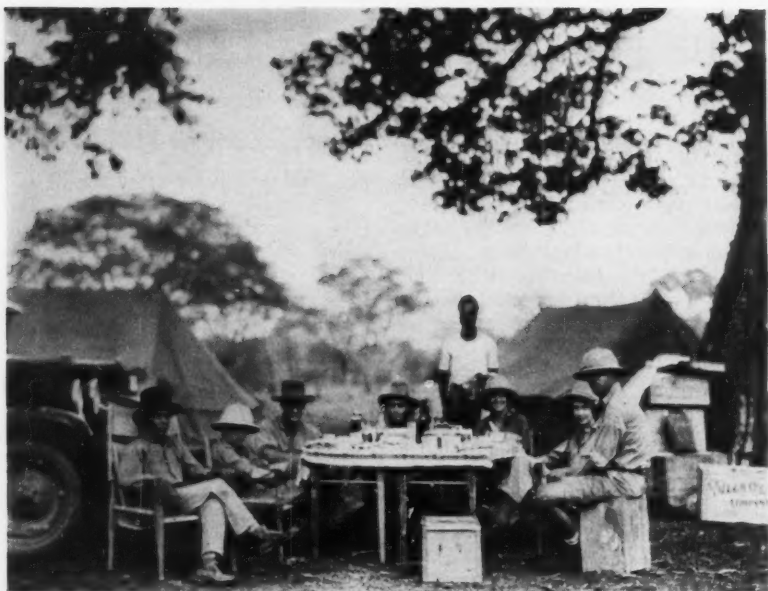
has been greatly neglected zoologically.

The expedition left the United States in August of 1930, under the leadership of Mr. Pulitzer. Mrs. Pulitzer, Seward Pulitzer, Mrs. Boulton, and I formed the personnel. In early September we arrived in Angola at Lobito, thriving terminus of the Benguella Railway, and were cordially met by two of the railway's representatives, Gonçalves Cabral and Col. Harry Greenwood, V.C., who did everything in their power to facilitate our mission and make our stay in Angola pleasant and profitable.

At dawn of the morning following our arrival Mr. Pulitzer and I left for Lonanda, 800 miles distant, to call upon the governor-general and obtain permission to collect scientific specimens. September being the end of the dry season, the lowland country through which the road led took on the parched nature of a desert. After climbing the escarpment of Pundu Gorge, the road twisting and turning among canyons and cliffs where sheer drops of several hundred feet seemed to appear almost under the wheels of the car, we reached the first plateau and found a slightly more abundant type of vegetation. Here were sisal (hemp) farms and farther on, skirting the base of the mountain ranges in the interior, coffee plantations and thriving agricultural districts. A night was spent near the Cuanza River, which drains



RALPH PULITZER



LUNCHEON IN CAMP NEAR THE VILLAGE OF MULONDO

Seated, second from the left: Mrs. Pulitzer, Ralph Pulitzer, Seward Pulitzer, Mrs. Boulton. Extreme right: Rudyerd Boulton.

the whole of central Angola, and the oil-palm groves along its banks created a distinctly tropical setting. The governor-general received us very graciously and granted the expedition all possible facilities, including the much-desired and seldom-given permission to collect two specimens of the Giant Sable.

On our return to Lobito we found that Mrs. Pulitzer and Mrs. Boulton had spent the week very profitably by making an interesting collection of fossil invertebrates from the limestone cliffs of Lobito Bay. Several days were necessary for unpacking the equipment and organizing the multifarious details attendant upon such an expedition. In order to attain the greatest results in the shortest possible time it was found expedient to work simultaneously in two fields. Mr. Pulitzer and a small safari left for the Sable country between the Cuanza and Loando rivers. It

would have been impossible for a large group to operate in this country, where very few natives and no white settlers live, and it was desirable to disturb as little as possible the few remaining herds of antelopes. The rest of the party made camp on the Chingoroi River, about one hundred miles inland from Lobito. The tents were pitched under a huge, spreading fig tree on the edge of a dry, luxuriant forest. Although the days were always hot here, a refreshing breeze frequently found its way from the river valley in front of the camp. Natives from a nearby village soon came to visit us, bringing with them their babies, chickens, and goats. They were much amazed when they learned that we were spending our time chasing butterflies, birds, and lizards; but they were soon convinced that we were harmless, if a bit demented, and joined zestfully in the search for specimens. One of the babies was

suffering from conjunctivitis, an eye disease common among native children at the end of the dry season, when the clouds of wind-swept dust cause epidemics. Its parents were so convinced of the efficacy of Mrs. Pulitzer's ministrations that they brought it for treatment every day that we were there. In this forest were numbers of beautifully marked bush bucks, whose barking resounded from the river valley at night. Blue duikers, tiny forest antelopes, scurried through the tangled vines and creepers by day, while herds of buffaloes came every night to drink at the river. In the dry country beyond the forest were kudu, duiker, klip-springer, and roan antelopes. In the same district we found Red-headed Touracos, long-tailed birds about the size of pigeons with gorgeous plumage of scarlet, blue, and green. Much of our time in this camp was spent in training our staff of twelve native boys to skin birds and animals and to collect

butterflies, lizards, and other small creeping things.

When our boys had mastered the first principles of their duties, we moved on to our next camp in the Mossamedes Desert. All tents, food boxes, and specimens were piled on our four trucks, and after traveling 300 miles distant, we arrived on the second day in Mossamedes, historic seaport of southern Angola. One truckload of equipment and supplies for use in future camps was stored here, and in its place we loaded ten barrels of water and a supply of firewood, necessary for a ten days' camp in the desert. The road—a mere track through the sand—led us to Pico Azevedo, where we made camp in the shelter of huge granite boulders. In every direction from our camp to the horizon line there was no tree to be seen, no vegetation higher than a foot or two. In places the sand was sparsely clothed with that famous plant, *Welwitschia mirabilis*, a member of the



TEMPERATE RAIN FOREST ON MT. MOCO, WHERE THREE NEW BIRDS WERE FOUND



BELLE OF THE DONGOENA TRIBE



BABY JACKAL—OUR MASCOT

pine-tree family, with a trunk broader than its height and with never more than two leaves, each of which is as much as six feet long and several inches wide, springing from a central rosette of cones. At midday there was no shade, but in the morning and afternoon the granite boulders afforded relief from the scorching sun. The nights were cold, and it was necessary for us to use all the blankets that were available. In spite of its barren aspect, this camp yielded a great diversity of living forms. A lark and a desert thrush not previously known from Angola were collected here, and many lizards and geckos scampered about and found shelter from the sun under the broad leaves of the *Welwitschia*. The average annual rainfall in the Mossamedes Desert is about an inch, but there had been an excessive drought and no rain had fallen for two years. As a result, the sparse desert grass was completely parched and the springboks and Hartman's Zebras, usually plentiful in this region, had moved to another locality; and we thought it advisable to transfer our camp to Mucungu, where a muddy water hole made it possible for a small native village to exist. The proximity of a cattle kraal to our camp by the

water hole brought a superabundance of flies, and our pet chameleon stuffed himself almost to the bursting point. Here were springboks and zebras in abundance, as well as tiny dik-diks, steinboks, baboons, aard wolves, and spotted hyenas. The springboks were generally found in herds of from ten to thirty. In many ways they are the fleetest and most graceful of all animals. On one occasion, in order to determine how fast a springbok could travel, we chased one over the desert in a car. It had no difficulty in keeping ahead of the Ford, even when the speedometer registered more than forty miles an hour, but stones and bumps in the desert floor made it impossible for us to travel any faster. Often in the middle distances a herd, upon sighting the car, would begin to spring, apparently out of sheer curiosity. With legs held as straight and stiff as pipestems, they would catapult themselves into the air to a height of ten feet or more. When a whole group did this simultaneously, bouncing about on the desert like so many rubber balls, the effect was quite indescribable. Sometimes a male would show the mantle of beautiful long white hair which generally remains concealed on its back. This gave a completely

transformed appearance to the animal, and reminded one of an egret displaying its plumes.

All through the morning flocks of Namaqua Sand Grouse, desert-loving cousins of the pigeon family, circled the camp with plaintive three-syllabled cries, then dropped down to the water hole for a hasty gulp and a splash, and were off again for another day or two in the desert. In the late evening we could hear the sprightly whistle of the Two-banded Sand Grouse, which drinks only at twilight. Soon after the last sand grouse had departed, the stillness of the night was broken only by the cough of a leopard in the rocky hills near by, or the clattering of the hoofs of zebras as they came to the water hole, barking and crowding each other.

Since our departure from Lobito it had been impossible to communicate with Mr. Pulitzer in the Sable country, and after about ten days in the Mucungu camp we were pleasantly surprised by his return, with the wonderful news that he had bagged two splendid specimens of the Giant Sable. It proved that the search for them had been even more difficult than we had imagined. For nearly a month Mr. Pulitzer had persistently followed every trail and clue and had been rewarded with the

sight of only about a half-dozen animals. A few others were known to have been in the vicinity, but they had been disturbed so much by illegal poaching and hunting by natives that they were exceedingly wary, and at the slightest alarm had cleared out of that part of the country entirely. The two animals that were obtained were fine black bulls with magnificent horns, of which the Carnegie Museum may be justly proud.

Soon after Mr. Pulitzer's return we moved camp to a place known as "Kilometer 101," where a different type of desert bush-country made it possible for several other kinds of animals to exist. At this point Mr. Pulitzer and his son Seward collected two caracals, or desert lynx, which have now been mounted in a small habitat group in the Museum. One day Seward brought into camp a splendid specimen of the Martial Eagle, with feet and talons almost as large as a man's hand and wrist. This eagle feeds principally upon monkeys and small antelopes. After ten days in this camp, during which time our collections of large mammals, birds, and insects were materially increased, we again took to the road and traveling several hundred miles to the south came to a point



THE RARE ANCHIETA'S BARBET



LEMUR FOUND NEAR THE CUANZA

where the Cunene River hesitates before its magnificent plunge over the Ruacana Cataract. The river in a sheer drop of 325 feet disappears from sight into a narrow crack in the earth and begins an extended journey of 300 miles through rapids, falls, and desert sands until it empties into the Atlantic Ocean between Angola and Southwest Africa. Our camp at Caleueque formed a convenient point from which to make short excursions through the surrounding desert bush. Herds of impalla, roan, and kudu antelopes had concentrated near the river, for as yet no rain had fallen and everything was scorched and dry. In a hollow of the fig tree which sheltered our tents a hoopoe had made its nest. The three young birds were almost ready to fly and they made a continual buzzing noise, like the sound of a sewing machine.

From this point we followed the Cunene River north for about two hundred miles, sometimes skirting the water's edge, sometimes forcing our trucks through thorn bush and high grass. On the plains near the river were flocks of wattled cranes, crowned cranes, and ground hornbills; and from the permanent lagoons which lined its banks myriads of ducks and herons, knob-bills, spur-wings, and Egyptian geese took flight at our approach. At Mulondo, the site of our next camp, the large mammal-collecting was brought to an end with fine specimens of wart hogs, and kudu, wildebeest, impalla, water buck, reedbuck, duiker and roan antelopes. In the late afternoon considerable numbers of these animals would come to the river's edge to drink, for it was their only source of supply. By building a blind on an island in the river, we were able to study and photograph them at close range.

One afternoon a terrific storm, forerunner of the rainy season, burst over our camp and disrupted things in general. It was a signal not to be disregarded that this part of the expedition was at an end. With the prospect of driving four heavily laden cars over

a dirt road that at any moment might turn into an impassable morass, it was imperative for us to get our specimens to the coast, where the business of preparing and boxing them for shipment was begun. After Mr. and Mrs. Pulitzer left Angola, we continued in the field for a short time to make special studies of mountain-forest birds and to collect the materials for the habitat group of the Giant Sable.

The collections of this expedition include a fine series of large game, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five specimens, numerous small mammals, 1,500 birds including several forms unknown to science, shells, fossils, plants, about eight hundred reptiles and amphibians, and more than ten thousand insects. All of this material, through the generosity of Mr. Pulitzer, is now part of the collections of the Carnegie Museum, and a representative exhibit of it is being shown in the Museum during October and November.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE APPROPRIATIONS

THE Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute at a meeting on September 15, 1931, authorized the following appropriations for the current fiscal year which began July 1, 1931: Fine Arts Department, \$116,000; Museum Department, \$145,000; Building Operation and Maintenance, \$148,500; Carnegie Library School, \$15,000; Administration, \$53,000; Contingent Fund, \$16,350; Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$1,645,076; making a total revenue for expenditures during the next twelve months of \$2,138,926. These funds are derived mainly from the endowments provided by Andrew Carnegie, except for three grants of \$15,000 each from the Board of Education, the City Council of Pittsburgh, and the Commissioners of Allegheny County, and the total sums are spent in the City of Pittsburgh.

INTERNATIONAL COAL

The Third World Conference to Meet in November

By THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER

President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology



I AM interested in coal first because I am a citizen of Pittsburgh and second because I am associated with a scientific institution. As a citizen of this community I feel that the prosperity of the industry would mean a brighter future for our city which owes much of its past success to its wealth of fuel. As the head of an engineering school located in Pittsburgh I feel that there is no more appropriate, more useful, and in the end, more profitable subject of scientific study than bituminous coal. A large and very important section of the field of chemistry is concerned with coal and its derivatives, and that the discoveries of scientific workers in this field shall be placed at the disposal of the coal men of the Pittsburgh district, and, indeed, of the whole nation, is my earnest desire.

With this in mind we have organized two International Conferences on Bituminous Coal, and are now organizing a third which will convene at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, November 16-21 next. Our object is to learn all we can about the origin and the utilization of coal. We are trying particularly to find new outlets for this commodity, and to aid us we bring to Pittsburgh internationally known scientists who may be able to add to our store of knowledge.

What do we hope to accomplish? In answering this question, we should

bear in mind that this is primarily a congress of scientists and engineers, and that an immediate cure for the alarmingly sick coal industry cannot be found in the research laboratory. But we are asking our speakers this year as they describe their processes to lay particular stress upon the economic side of their discoveries. Furthermore, we are inviting a small group of distinguished men both from Europe and the United States to speak on the business side of the coal industry. The chief member of this group is Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the finance committee of the United States Steel Corporation. Again, to answer the question "What do we hope to accomplish for the coal industry," I would say we hope to be able to tell the coal-mine owners what is likely to be the nature of the demands of their major customers in the next few years; what the new processes that are being developed all over the world mean in terms of coal consumption by locomotives, by steamships, by electric plants, by gas plants, by the metallurgical industries, by the chemical industries, by the manufacturers of fertilizers. The coal-mine operator will learn from our Conference the latest developments in the making of coke, in the cleaning and preparation of coal, in the hydrogenation and liquefaction of coal, in low-temperature carbonization, in the storage and weathering of coal, in smoke abatement, in stream pollution. He will receive authoritative statements of the effects of hydroelectric developments upon the use of coal. In short, he should receive a very definite impression, as a result of the papers that will be presented, of what will happen

to his industry in the next decade. He will have invaluable data that will aid him in the reorganization of his industry.

If it had been possible to hold conferences such as we have organized twenty years ago, some of the distress in the industry might have been avoided. During the decade beginning with 1918 coal to the extent of approximately 300,000,000 tons per annum was replaced by other fuels. This was not anticipated, and what was taking place was hardly realized until certain markets for the products of the mines were gone. The coal-mine owner was baffled by what was going on in his industry. The changes were so gradual that he did not understand their causes until it was too late to prepare for them. There are a score of reasons why the Carnegie Coal Conferences are valuable and important, but if they did nothing more than show to the executives of the coal companies the effects of new industrial processes on sales they would fully justify the very hard work and expense they entail.

I wish it were possible to say that these international meetings are capable of removing the difficulties that confront the coal men. But there are economic and social questions which are beyond the range of the research laboratory. The scientist is doing his share, and in the future will do more, to solve the problems of the industry whose alarming condition is such that it will require the unselfish cooperation of the statesman, the industrialist, the scientist, the engineer, and the economist to rescue it.

The magnitude of the task before the men engaged in the coal industry is best shown when we consider that the bituminous coal mines have a potential capacity of about double that of the market demand. There are those who believe that in the turn of the business cycle, the coming of prosperity will again bring the consumption of coal up to the high point it attained in 1918, when 579,000,000 tons were

mined. I wish I could share this optimism, but the competition with other fuels is likely to be very keen in the years to come. Water power as a rival to steam power need cause the mine owner little concern unless there should be a rapid rise in the cost of his product. In that case, some of the streams that cannot now be employed economically will be utilized. But the increase in coal consumption will be retarded by further economies in the power house. A generation ago five pounds of coal were necessary to produce a kilowatt hour of electricity. Today the average practice requires 1.6 pounds, and the best practice about .8 of a pound; and what today is the best practice may be common practice in the near future. A dozen years ago one third of all the soft coal mined was used by the railroads. Now they need only one fourth the total quantity and will probably take less in the future. I might point out other probable downward tendencies in consumption.

On the other hand, scientists are ever finding new uses for coal, but unfortunately their discoveries so far have meant very little in terms of tonnage. Just as there is an excess capacity of the developed mines, there is an overproduction of the by-products of coal—too much tar, too much ammonium sulphate, too much ammonia, too much gas. However, some of these by-products can and will be made more valuable by the research workers. Scientists can turn our Pittsburgh coal into petroleum products as soon as mineral oil reaches a price that will justify the new processes. But this is for the future—possibly the distant future. Such an installation of power as exists at Muscle Shoals is totally unnecessary for the manufacture of fertilizers so long as the almost unlimited supply of gas from our by-product coke ovens is available for combining with the nitrogen of the air. The scientists are helping and will continue to help the coal industry. We are ever hoping for the big discovery that may transmute coal into more

valuable commodities, and that will demand a great tonnage; for the scientist looks upon coal not merely as a combustible but as a raw material which is the basis of scores of products that can be derived from it. Coal needs the scientist and the coal industry needs the scientific point of view. We are still at the beginning of our investigation of the composition of coal—how it can best be employed, and what are its most valuable products. When we know this the scientist may be able to teach mankind how this, one of the greatest of Nature's gifts, can be best conserved and can be made most serviceable and most valuable.

THE EASTERN SKUNK

THE fifth addition to a series of wild-life habitat groups has just been completed in the Children's Museum. This group consists of a large female Eastern Skunk (*Mephitis mephitis*) with her family of four youngsters. The mother is shown tearing a rotted tree stump apart in search of beetles and their larvae, while the young "wood pussies" are joining in the search for these juicy titbits in a skunk's diet. The clump of showy trilliums and young leaves of the poison-ivy vine in the foreground denote the midspring season, while the background scene of a glowing sunset shows that the day is soon to end.

In answer to an advertisement in the weekly newspaper of Linesville, Pennsylvania, Miss Nelly Jean Thompson notified Reinhold L. Fricke that a family of skunks had taken up residence under her barn. The mother refused to be captured in a box-trap, so it was decided to rip up the barn floor. The hope of finding skunks nearby was dimmed by the discovery of a nest of Norway rats under one of the planks, because of the natural enmity of these two animals, but after the removal of several more boards three young skunks were found in a cozy straw nest. After a careful search one more was dis-

covered under a pile of hay in another part of the barn, evidently having been hidden there by the mother skunk. Although there were undoubtedly more in the litter, the rest managed to escape.

The problem at hand was to feed the little ones until they were large enough to be mounted. After a long hunt a house cat was found with four kittens.



These kittens were replaced by the young skunks, and the mother cat took good care of them until they were large enough to be brought back to the Carnegie Museum. Here they were fed on bread and milk until they were incorporated into this habitat group.

Mr. Fricke designed the group and mounted the animals. Kathryn M. Fricke made the foliage; and the background was painted by Ottmar F. von Fuehrer.

THE NEXT WAR!

The next war will mean the complete end of civilization as we know it. Everything and everyone will be commandeered. But we do need the discipline of war. We need control—a general tightening up. We need the service without the horror of war.

There are so many still, in spite of the war books, who don't know what we went through, but we who were in it don't forget.

—FIELD MARSHAL ALLENBY

Liberty is not merely a privilege to be conferred; it is a habit to be acquired.

—DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THE GARDEN OF GOLD

JASON, when you lived in Greece in those ancient days so long ago, did you know about the earth—that it was round and that it revolved around the sun?"

"Oh, no, Penelope," answered the Gardener. "On the contrary, the sun, moon, and stars all at that time revolved around the earth. In fact, I can prove that to you by a story that was believed in the best circles in Greece."

Penelope sat down on the marble bench, her chin in her hands.

"Let's have the story, Jason. But you have a big contract to prove that."

"Well, Penelope, I saw it all myself. I was walking along with Hercules one day, when we came upon a wonderful sight. Right ahead of us was the great god Atlas, standing there and holding this globe, the earth, on his shoulders."

"You say you were walking with Hercules. What were you walking on, Jason?"

"Oh—we were just walking along."

"But you say that Atlas was standing

there holding the earth. Standing on what, Jason?"

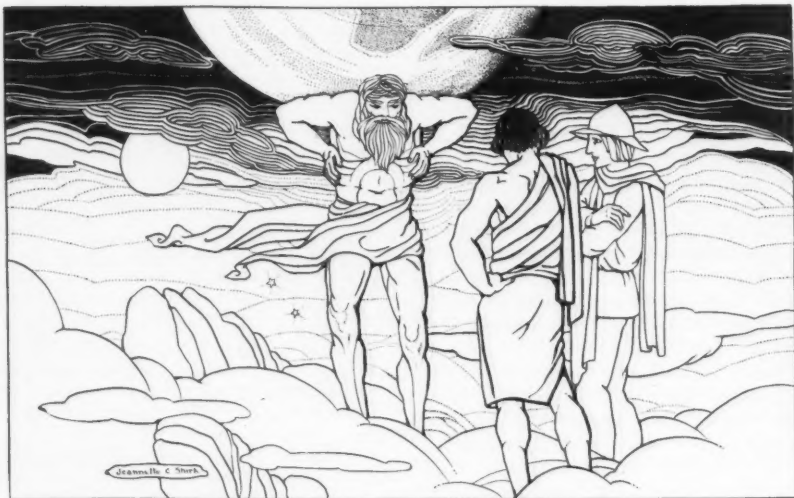
"Now, look here, Penelope, you are going too deep down with your questions. He was just standing there—where we were walking—there!"

"Well—go ahead," said Penelope, but she didn't seem to have any air of conviction.

"Hercules wanted some apples, and Atlas said that if he would take the earth on his shoulders for a little while, he knew where to find the apples, and he would go and get them for him. So Hercules took hold of the earth and held it until Atlas returned with the apples. And then—what do you think?—Atlas said he was very tired holding up the earth and he was going to leave it there all the time on Hercules' shoulders."

"A rather mean trick, Jason."

"Well, Hercules had a pretty good wit, and he said to Atlas that he wanted to pad his shoulders so that it wouldn't hurt; so Atlas took hold of it again,



and as soon as Hercules was free from it, he laughed loud and long at Atlas, and we two walked away looking back in derision at the discomfited god."

"Atlas must have been pretty big to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders."

"Yes, Penelope, and I wish we had a man today who could do that."

GOLDEN FRUITAGE

In spite of hard times the loyalty and generosity of our friends still bring rich gifts to the help of our financial necessities.

Mrs. Roy A. Hunt has continued her annual membership contribution of \$100 to the Carnegie Institute endowment fund. In 1936 the Carnegie Corporation of New York will match this gift dollar for dollar, making its ultimate value \$200. Thus it grows!

From the Buhl Foundation, source of so many benefactions in Pittsburgh of late, has come \$2,075, the second installment in its three-year grant of \$21,000, in support of the position of readers counselor at the Carnegie Library, a post newly created by them for adult education.



HENRY BUHL JR.

Mrs. Herbert DuPuy has made a gift of \$1,575.81 to the Carnegie Institute to defray the payment of new exhibition cases required in the Museum for a more adequate display of the DuPuy Collection of objects of



MRS. HERBERT DUPUY

art. The popularity of this collection is constantly increasing as the value and beauty of the various objects become better understood by the visitors to the Museum, and this is especially true of the children who come to the Institute from the public and parochial schools.



JAMES H. SANSONETTI

And the Night Student Council at Carnegie Tech, of which James H. Sansonetti is the alert leader, has just sent in their check for \$350 for the Tech endowment fund, which by the well-known two-for-one arrangement with the Carnegie Corporation will become in 1946 \$2,202.48. Inasmuch as one third of the \$4,000,000 that Tech must raise in the next few years may be in buildings, the Council has specified that their gift shall be applied to a students activity house.

Ralph Pulitzer, of New York City, has given the Carnegie Institute \$2,847.72 as a reimbursement of the expenses incurred by the Museum in the recent Pulitzer expedition into Angola, a full account of which appears on page 139.

These remembrances flow out from full hearts.

AMERICA'S MISSION

It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON, Farewell Address

FREE THOUGHT

If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate.

—JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE RAVAGES OF WAR



PAUL DOUMER, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, AND HIS FIVE SONS—four of whom gave their lives in the World War. Left to right: André, who perished at Nancy; Armand, who died of poison gas; René and Marcel, both killed in aerial combat; and Ferdinand, who served as a non-commissioned officer and who alone has survived.

PAUL DOUMER, now the President of France, had made his preliminary arrangements for coming to Pittsburgh this year to take part in the celebration of Founder's Day. He had visited Pittsburgh and delivered an address on a previous celebration at the time of the dedication of the present building in 1907, when his delightful personality established a permanent friendship in this city. He wanted to come again. "I think of you often," he wrote. "I cannot say just yet as to my liberty to go to Pittsburgh this year. Political events may intervene. But I should like to be with you again on October 15, when you hold this great celebration in honor of Mr. Carnegie's memory. But I can scarcely make my final plans before June. If I can go, I shall be so happy to see you once again, and happy

also to visit your wonderful city of Pittsburgh and its great Carnegie Institute. Your affectionate and devoted Paul Doumer."

But when June came, this great, simple, and lovable man had ceased to be the President of the French Senate and had become the President of the Republic of France; and then he found it impossible to leave his official duties for so long a time as the journey to Pittsburgh would require. Thus, while his Pittsburgh friends acclaim the glory of his career, they were disappointed that he was not able to be here once more.

We are moved to repeat here a story once before printed in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, to this effect. When Mr. Doumer was in Pittsburgh in 1907, and the program was being made up, with-

out his knowledge a question of precedence arose. There were two distinguished Frenchmen in attendance. Which should speak first, the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, or Paul Doumer? Count Spirodovitch, a friend of both men, was appealed to. The two gentlemen must not be told—the matter was extremely delicate—but what would he advise? And his reply was that it would be fitting to have Mr. Doumer speak first because he would one day be President of France. And so, twenty-four years later, it came to pass!

But all this reminiscence is the preface to the saddest story of personal bereavement that has yet come out of the War. When the German invasion provoked the great conflict, Mr. Doumer gave his five stalwart sons to the army, and one by one, until four were killed, those beautiful young men were made the victims of the foul system of international slaughter which we tolerate as war. Only one son survived the chances of bravery on the battle front.

In France they use language to express ideas. Even the names of their streets are chosen for this purpose. And there is a street in Paris named "La rue des quatre fils de Monsieur Doumer," meaning "The Street of the Four Sons of Mr. Doumer."

Could there be a more profound appeal to the conscience of humanity for the destruction of war? This French family cherished no enmity against any German family and, as a matter of course, no German family held any enmity against any French family. The young men of those two nations were filled with an ambition for success in civil life. They desired to live in peace with all the world. But the military men wanted war and conquest. And ten millions of the world's best chivalry were slaughtered, while twenty millions more were grievously wounded; and the whole world is paying the final and inexorable penalty in universal destitution.

The futility, the waste, the misery of war run back to our most ancient civilizations. Herodotus relates that Croesus, the king of Lydia, said to Cyrus, the king of Persia, in explaining why he went to war: "The oracle told me to go to war. No man in his senses would voluntarily do so; for while in peace the sons bury their fathers, in war the fathers bury their sons." Was not Croesus a fool to yield his own judgment to the satanic dictation of the oracle?

There are still oracles, with their hearts full of lies and murder, who provoke nations to go to war. Perhaps we may be able to destroy war by discrediting these oracles—even by executing them as the enemies of the human race.

Every traveler who goes henceforth to Paris should make a pilgrimage down the Street of the Four Sons of Mr. Doumer, and there, with a broken and a contrite heart, breathe an eternal vow against war, for himself and his country.

A BRITISH CRITICISM

There probably is not a thinking man in this room who does not agree with me that high tariffs interfere with business. We know that. We know also that a good deal of trouble in this world is caused not only by the high tariffs of America but by the heightening of those tariffs at a time when we particularly, and the greater part of the world in general, are heavily indebted to America. At a time when we are trying to pay those debts we find those very tariff walls to which America clings are the greatest difficulties we have to surmount.

But where our Socialist Party goes wrong is in their belief that we can fight these hostile tariffs by a tariff truce. A more childish idea never entered the heads of grown men. So long as this market is a dumping ground for the surplus of the whole world's mass production, so long will there be no change in our favor.

It is my firm conviction that the moment Great Britain joins all the other industrial countries in having its own tariff, the moment the world sees us negotiating with our own dominions for imperial economic unity, there will come for the first time into the minds of men in America doubt as to whether the high tariff system is ultimately going to be beneficial to the peoples of the world.

—STANLEY BALDWIN

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Some Notes on the Policies and Purposes Behind the Tech Little Theater

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art at the Carnegie Institute of Technology



THE Little Theater of the Carnegie Institute of Technology will, before the end of this month, start its eighteenth season. Its faithful public will probably, as in former years, flock to the performances and,

as in former years, praise them and condemn them. Praise falls agreeably on the ears of producers and actors—they would be scarcely human if it did not. Adverse criticism, if it is sincere, well founded, and not merely carping, is salutary, and can do nothing but good. There is, however, a type of critic who forgets the conditions under which the plays are given in the Little Theater. We refer to the critic who indignantly asks: "Why do they ever allow that young man—or that young woman—to appear in public?"

"Why do they give so many old plays?"

"Can't something be done about so-and-so's accent, or what's-his-name's voice?"

Now, all these complaints about mistaken casting, dull plays, and disagreeable voices would be perfectly justified if made about performances in the professional theater which the critic has paid good money to see and for which he had a right to expect his money's worth; but they are totally unjust as applied to a student theater. After all, the Department of Drama and its theater exist principally for the students who are being trained there, and only

in a much smaller degree for the general public. The cooperation of the public is necessary—very necessary. Everyone knows that no amount of rehearsal or private performance will ever show a young actor whether his work on the stage "gets over" or not. A real public and not merely a little group of friends and well-wishers is requisite for that.

Few of the public, I think, realize how much hard work and actual physical labor lie behind even the most unpretentious performance. A few words about the work that is expected of and, in most cases, obtained from a first-year student will not be out of place.

Each student has an interview with the members of the drama faculty, who try to find out his reasons for thinking that he will make a competent actor. The hard work and strength needed for success in such a hazardous and overcrowded profession are explained. Few—perhaps, unfortunately—are discouraged at this point.

The test which follows consists of some scene from a play or the recitation of some "piece" chosen by the prospective student. Judging by the usual choice of material from this test, most of the young actors have ambitions to become tragedians. After this, all the students are rehearsed together in some play which calls for a number of characters, rather straightforward characterization and a crowd of supernumeraries. Their deportment on the stage, their method of attack, and their reactions are carefully observed. After several days of rehearsal and much consideration on the part of the faculty, forty applicants from a large list are chosen, that being as many as the department can handle.

The rest of the year is filled with real hard work. Besides the necessary academic studies, courses in diction and make-up, and daily rehearsals of plays, which, although performed, are mercifully withheld from the general public, a great deal of the students' time is given over to crew duties—work done by the stage hands in the professional theater: shifting of scenery, building of sets, the carrying on and off stage of the heavier furniture and properties. All this is done by the men of the freshman crew. The women make all the costumes used in the various productions, and both men and women form the crowds in plays demanding them, and occasionally are given small speaking parts.

Under the stress of the difficult first year some students fall by the wayside. Those who survive are given less mechanical labor in the following years and more opportunity to act. That means that there are still a very large number who must be given parts. The important rôles in most plays are double-cast; in the annual Shakespearean productions every part is double-cast—and that means an imposing number of parts and a colossal task for the poor producer. Sometimes the parts are more than double-cast: I remember seeing no less than five Juliets in Mr. Payne's production of "Romeo and Juliet." Some students develop late and only find themselves dramatically in their fourth year. But how can they find themselves at all unless they are given an opportunity to try? It is quite right to criticize the student for a mediocre and uninteresting performance, but it is wholly unjust to blame the producer for casting him for the part. It is very often inevitable.

The choice of plays has also caused some adverse criticism.

Here again there are all sorts of reasons for choosing plays apart from their entertaining quality. A well-trained actor must be acquainted with every dramatic genre. It ought to be obvious that a Greek tragedy cannot be acted

in the same style as a polite English comedy, or a farce by Molière in the same manner as a play by Ibsen. No one has ever denied the Department of Drama a fine catholicity of taste, or complained that it was wedded to any special type of play. Euripides and George Ade, Shakespeare and Scott Fitzgerald—all is fish that comes into their net. "A Scrap of Paper," "The Two Orphans," "Richelieu" are no longer considered masterpieces, but all three, in their different ways, are admirable theatric exercises in accurate timing and ensemble playing and have the great advantage, from the student's point of view, of containing a great number of "fat" parts. Poems in dramatic form—such as Milton's "Comus" and Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," although masterpieces—are not really effective on the stage but they supply an occasion for the difficult art of speaking verse.

The large royalties which must be paid for the right to produce good contemporary plays make most of these impossible of performance in the Little Theater. If a single performance were ever given, it might be possible to perform some of these, but at least eight performances of every play are given and of course no admission is charged. Sometimes an author or an author's agent will make special terms, and occasionally an author has allowed the performance of his play without royalty. It was the generosity of the authors which permitted us to see such interesting plays as Don Marquis' "Dark Hour" and Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors."

At least one performance a year is given over to the work of the class in play-writing, and the Department has always been hospitable to the work of Pittsburgh writers. We have all passed pleasant evenings listening to the plays of Carroll Fitzhugh and Samuel Harden Church, and the first production of this year will be Elizabeth Moorhead's dramatization of her last novel, "Answer before Dark."

The prospects for this season seem

bright. Besides Mrs. Vermorcken's play a production of Rostand's "L'Aiglon" is promised, and we will again have B. Iden Payne as visiting director for the Shakespeare play. All last year's members of the drama faculty are still with us, and we have in addition Elmer Kenyon, fresh from his work with the Theater Guild. Mr. Kenyon needs no introduction to Pittsburghers. His sane and brilliant articles on current drama in the Pittsburgh bulletin of the Drama League have made that publication the most trustworthy theatergoer's guide in the country.

SURPLUS WEALTH

In making a will, money left to the Carnegie Institute should be covered by the following phrase:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE in the City
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

.....Dollars

And bequests to the Carnegie Institute of Technology should be phrased like this:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF
TECHNOLOGY OF PITTS-
BURGH, PENNSYLVANIA*

.....Dollars

The Carnegie Institute stands in immediate need of a further addition of \$2,000,000 to its endowment funds—that is, \$1,000,000 for the Fine Arts Department and \$1,000,000 for the Museum.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology stands equally in need of large additions to its endowment funds, and is slowly—but very steadily—building up the \$4,000,000 which it must raise in order to secure \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Let's make our wills accordingly.

THE HUNTING BAG OF DANIEL BOONE

ALL American history probably reveals no more picturesque pioneer and Indian fighter than Daniel Boone. But to Pennsylvanians he should be doubly fascinating because he belongs to them by birth, a native of Berks County, a fact with which few people in the State seem to be acquainted. His



adventurous career became so inseparably interwoven with the wildernesses that came to be Kentucky that little note seems to be taken of his Pennsylvanian beginning.

To most Americans today the name of Boone brings forward a glorified vision of the settler of our fearful early days of colonization who was at once a backwoodsman, a hunter, a fighter—a man of courage and of trials who blazed the trail of civilization through gauntlets of red men and trackless forests. History abounds in stories of Boone's prowess as a hunter, of his aim that never missed its target. In illustration is the tale handed down from the Shawnees: when Boone was captured by that tribe and held captive at Detroit, only

later to effect a crafty escape, the redskins always counted his bullets before he set out to hunt. On his return he had to account to them for every charge and ball—that is, he had to bring back game or bullets; they made no provision for a miss, which spoke eloquently for the Indian's respect for his marksmanship.

The Carnegie Museum takes pride in its possession of a hunting bag that once saw service as the property of Daniel Boone. This bag was secured for the Museum a few years ago through the courtesy of William E. Scheibler, of Sewickley. It is known that the bag was given by Boone to his hunting companion, Henry Bryan, a neighbor Kentuckian. Bryan later advanced his status from friend to relative—doubly attained—he married Daniel's sister Barbara, and Daniel married Henry's sister Rebecca. It was then handed down through regular channels in the Bryan family until it came into the hands of a great grandson and namesake, Henry Bryan, of Baden, Pennsylvania. Through the good offices of Mr. Scheibler it was obtained from Mr. Bryan's widow for presentation to the Museum.

The bag takes the form of a commodious leather pouch—quite large enough for skinning knives, powder, and various woods equipment. The deep flap is ornamented by a tooling of more than passing quality. Beneath the flap is attached an under-bag of coarsely woven cord, with characteristic deep flapping fringe. The whole is strung on a stout leather strap (not pictured) so that it could be slung over the shoulder and underarm. It can be seen in the firearms collection in the Hall of Ethnology, where it is on permanent exhibition.

FAME AND NOTORIETY

Some men are famed for genius, knowledge, power,
And service to humanity; and some
Are talked about, like Pisa's leaning tower,
Because they're out of plumb.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

FREE LECTURES

FINE ARTS

OCTOBER

- 22—"Organizing the International," by Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.
- 26—"The International," by Royal Cortissoz, art editor, New York Herald Tribune. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.

NOVEMBER

- 2—"Whither, American Artist?" by Dorothy Adlow, Christian Science Monitor art critic. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.
- 9—"Impressions of the International," by Frank Jewett Mather, Marquand professor of art, Princeton University. 8:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 16—"An Artist's Approach," by Henry Turner Bailey, former director, Cleveland School of Art. 8:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

MUSEUM

NOVEMBER

- 8—"Finding the Picturesque in Europe—from Blarney to Carcassonne," by Harry C. Ostrander, traveler. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 15—"The World's Most Beautiful Flowers and Trees," by Fred Payne Clatworthy, naturalist. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 22—"A Collector's Experience in Madagascar," by Richard Archbold, member of Madagascar expedition of the American Museum of Natural History. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

[All lectures are illustrated.]

THE FOURTEEN ERRORS OF LIFE

The fourteen mistakes of life, Judge Rentoul told the Bartholomew Club, are:

To expect to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.
To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.
To look for judgment and experience in youth.
To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.
To look for perfections in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.



A FOOLISH SPEECH

THE American Legion was organized by some of our returning soldiers at the conclusion of the World War, with a constitution which explicitly excluded politics and political dictation from its field of activity. But no sooner had it begun to hold annual conventions than it became political to the fullest extent and began to dictate the policy of State legislatures and of Congress. Its immediate insistence upon the payment of adjusted compensation and a bonus not only offended the country at large, but alienated the sympathy of the great masses of men who made up that magnificent American army, with the result that more than three million of our soldiers have refused to take membership in the American Legion, while many thousands of the men who originally joined it have since resigned from its ranks.

And now comes Major General James Guthrie Harbord, once our gallant chief of staff in France and at present chairman of the Radio Corporation of America, who makes this disquieting address to the American Legion:

You are destined to play a paramount rôle in American politics for more than a generation, and within the next fifteen years to dominate both the State and Federal Governments, have a majority in both houses of Congress, and have one of your number in the presidential chair.

It was a foolish, mischievous, and dangerous speech. It means that the American Legion, acting in a compact,

though a minority, body, shall make this complete usurpation of political control throughout the United States. If General Harbord is correct in his incitement of these men to follow that course, we must at once look upon the American Legion as a Pretorian Guard, and either meanly succumb to their dictation, or oppose them to the last limit as inimical to the public welfare.

There could not possibly be any objection to the individual ambition of any one of the soldiers who compose the American Legion in his desire to achieve preferment even up to the presidential chair. Doubtless there is much presidential timber among those five or six hundred thousand men. The nation would delight to honor every man who served in the War up to the limits of his capacity and his character. But General Harbord has inspired the men to grasp the political power of the United States as an organization which is to expend its whole strength to that end. The speech has given the country a shock of anxiety and alarm.

STRIKES

IT is an amazing thing that so many strikes should occur at this time when employment is such a precious possession to any man or woman who has it. In Chicago two hundred theaters were kept dark for eight weeks because the managers would not yield to new demands of the musicians' union. Was it not an inexpedient time

to make new demands? After so long a period of idleness the men returned to work upon the terms which prevailed at the beginning. In Pittsburgh the musicians' union called a strike because, as stated in the press, the managers wished to make a slight reduction in the total number of men employed in their orchestras; and now all of these men are out of work through no wish of their own. In New York the demands of the musicians' union have been so constant that the use of orchestras in theaters devoted to plays has been almost entirely abolished, working a permanent hardship upon these talented and ambitious men.

The construction of the new post-office building at Pittsburgh and also work on the Gulf Oil building was held up for several weeks because of the demand of the local labor leaders that the material should be unloaded from the trucks by highly paid skilled workmen instead of by workmen who usually do that work.

The taxicab drivers called their second strike, to the great discomfort of the public, without allowing any time for conference or adjustment; and we marvel that outside men from whose profession we should expect peace and healing, counseled them to strike, and urged a riot as a good thing for the city.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and we long to see every man employed at the best wages, allowing him all the comforts and luxuries which life affords. The tendency of the age is toward that achievement. But this is no time for strikes—no time for riots. A half loaf is better than no bread. And it is a cruel misuse of authority for the local labor leaders to order these strikes when they can bring nothing but misery to the helpless workmen, violence to the public streets, and inconvenience to our people. Surely the great men of our nation, like William Green and Matthew Woll, who are at the head of labor in the United States, would never counsel or authorize the infliction of these misfortunes upon their more

humble associates. The rash men who incite the workmen to give up their work in these circumstances are false friends of labor.

SCIENCE ENDING WAR

GERMANY, restrained by the Treaty of Versailles from arming herself for war, is developing her tremendously potent scientific powers in such a way as should enable her to defeat the strongest foe who might attack her. She has invented a new gas which, when a swarm of hostile airplanes darkens her sky, will be projected in bombs against them; and the moment a minute particle of this gas enters the enemy's engine, the motor is stopped and the airplane falls to the ground. Thus, without a gun or a warship, the German engineers will be able to paralyze the strongest air force in Europe.

Since the termination of the World War many other improvements have been made among the nations of the earth in the scientific powers of destruction, making it clear that another war would annihilate not only all the works of civilization but also the greater part of mankind, without regard to age or sex. If, therefore, any ambitious chancellor should steer his country into war, the public opinion of the world should make him its first victim.

A GERMAN COMPLIMENT

WOLF VON DEWALL, foreign editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who has completed a recent lecture tour of the United States, has made some very pleasing comments on American conditions.

There is more true politeness in America, he said, than anywhere in Europe. He was deeply impressed with our educational systems, and the culture of the people is shown by their love of music, literature, and the theater, while they have evolved an architecture expressing the national spirit, and at once efficient and majestic.

But there was a fly in the ointment:

he had met a great many of our senators and he described them as being "terribly provincial" and narrow of opinion. Everywhere, he had met wonderful men, eminently qualified for such positions, but it seemed that "dirty politics" caused them to shun political careers. He hoped that further education along political lines would do away with these ideas.

Criticism like that is always helpful to any community. When our people begin to learn that the best public servants are not those who are solely gifted with loud voices and an unconscionable chicanery, and that democracy can survive only through representation by trained and able men, they will return to the earlier custom of choosing their Senators from among the illustrious men of the nation.

RADIO TALKS

[Broadcast over WCAE on Monday evenings at 7:15 under the auspices of the Educational Section of the Carnegie Museum. The programs are part of a new series, "We Learn to Live," given by the science staffs of the University of Pittsburgh, the City Health Department, and the Museum.]

OCTOBER

- 26—"Sleeping Sickness," by Dr. C. B. Maits, director of Public Health.

NOVEMBER

- 2—"Yellow Fever—the Conquest of the Tropics," by Dr. Maits.
9—"Tuberculosis," by Dr. Joseph Shilen, superintendent of the Leech Farm.
16—"Measles," by Dr. Joseph A. Baird, superintendent of the Municipal Hospital.
23—"Scarlet Fever," by Dr. Baird.

PEACE ABOVE PARTY

Whenever an international dispute arises, no matter what party is in power, demand at once that your Government offer to refer it to arbitration, and if necessary break with your party. Peace is above party. . . . Concentrate your efforts upon the one question which carries in its bosom the issue of peace or of war. . . . It is by concentrating upon one issue that great causes are won.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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